

# Finkelsteining As a Fine Art

It Flourishes at Broadway and 13th Street  
as the Willard Company.

The Tribune's Bureau of Investigations Buys a Damaged  
Hat for \$3.00, Practically Worthless Socks for 29c.  
and a 75c. Silk Front Shirt for \$1.34, Not to  
Mention a Suit Which Jumped from  
\$15.00 to \$20.00 While We Waited.

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS.

(Reprinted from the Sunday Tribune, July 4.)

The time is ripe for some one of our expanding correspondence schools  
to establish a new degree. What is urgently needed is an A. B. of trade, the  
honorable initials to stand for "Ananias of Business." For the first time  
date I put forward Max H. Finkelstein of New York.

Max H. Finkelstein prefers to be known as "Mack" H., and prefers  
not to be known—small blame to him—as the Willard Company of 841  
Broadway, which is what he really is among other things. And if there  
is a finer example of good, old four-ply, straight-from-the-shoulder lying  
and faking done under the guise of retail business, I have yet to encounter  
it in this city.

The Willard Company occupies the old Hackett-Carhart store, at 13th  
Street and Broadway, and incidentally still keeps the Hackett-Carhart  
name on the window with its own. Its windows are a luxuriant jungle  
of exotic "bargains." "Nothing for what it's worth" might well be the  
legend displayed above the riot of "cut-price" offers. Here are \$18.00 suits  
at \$7.65, "Pure Wool Bathing Suits" at \$1.45, \$20 "Sport Suits" at \$8.80,  
\$2 silk and linen shirts at 99¢ cents, \$2 straw hats at 95 cents, and a  
clamorous mass of other propositions which make one marvel at the credu-  
lousness of the human mind. Was there ever any one who really believed  
all those fairy-tales of trade?

"This is the only reliable store that sells Standard Merchandise" de-  
clares the self-proving Mr. Finkelstein "at 1/4 to 1/2 less than any other."

On the strength of which he proceeds to foist upon a gullible public  
such a mess of "jobs," "seconds," "throw-outs" and "old stocks" as nothing  
but the most clamorous advertising could hope to dispose of. The Finkel-  
stein advertising is clamorous enough. "The House of Rare Values" is  
one of its alluring claims. The values are "rare," indeed; they are so  
rare as to be almost undiscoverable.

Where to begin in a store where one can't throw a stone without hit-  
ting a fake, is always a difficult question. The Tribune investigators  
didn't really begin anywhere. They just went to the place, accepted the  
word of the store at its face value (whether expressed on a written placard  
or in the "patter" of the sales force) and bought. Up to date they haven't  
got their money's worth in a single instance. For the enlightenment of  
such people as believe the ludicrous claims of the Willard-Finkelsteins of  
trade, I will set forth in a simple diagrammatic form the shopping expe-  
riences of the investigators. First will come the article of merchandise  
with its sale-price, then the line of talk or print whereby it was exploited,  
and finally its real nature and value. We will start at the top of duly  
arrayed humanity and pass downward and inward.

Article and Price. Representation. Character and Value.  
Straw Hat, \$4.50..... "Finest in the Store; A damaged hat. Price  
tag on sweatband inside  
of hat is plainly marked  
"3.00." Sold to Tribune  
at \$4.50.

Straw Hat, \$3..... Represented as a \$5  
hat. "Imported for  
The Wormser Hat  
Stores. We are sole  
agents for the Worm-  
ser Hat Co." Hat guar-  
anteed perfect.

"Silk" Dress Shirt, \$3. "Absolutely all pure  
silk, reduced from \$5.  
This shirt was made to  
order for a man and he  
never called for it."  
(Note—While this lat-  
ter line may not have  
been invented by Ananias,  
it is believed to  
date from about his  
period.)

"Live Leather" Belt; "One dollar value.  
65c..... Guaranteed genuine all  
leather."

Union Suit, 85c..... This was labelled  
"The Ilmarco," but  
sold as a genuine B. V.  
D. suit, formerly \$3.00.  
The explanation of the  
label was: "You see,  
when any man wants to  
have his name put on  
his goods, the B. V. D.  
will accommodate him.  
It is a genuine B. V. D.  
union suit sold to us by  
Robert Reis."

White Socks, 29 cts. Silk. Perfect goods  
per pair..... in sound condition.

Silk-Front Shirt, \$1.34. "All silk front. Genuine  
Irish linen body,  
formerly \$3.00."

Silk Ties, 56 cts. each. "Cannot be sold by  
anybody in New York  
for a cent less than \$1  
each."

## BRYAN PRESIDENT? AWK!

Bronxite, from Laughter, Dis-  
locates Jaw—Bump Resets It.

When a guest at a party last night  
at the home of William Davidson, 845  
Walton Avenue, the Bronx, suggested  
that Mr. Bryan would be the next  
President his companions burst into  
laughter. One of them, Eric Hunter,  
eighteen, of 1394 Clay Avenue, enjoyed  
the joke so heartily that he dislocated  
his jaw.

His friends and Patrolman Murphy  
were unable to get it back into place.  
Dr. Rosenfeld, of Lebonan Hospital,  
placed the young man in an ambulance.  
On the way to the hospital the bus  
bounced into a deep rut and snapped  
Hunter's jaw back into place. He went  
home.

## SLASHES WIDOW, BEATS POLICEMAN

Rejected Suitor Hurls Patrolman  
Downstairs—Subdued by  
Club of Second Bluecoat.

An insane man hurled Patrolman  
Short, of the Clymer Street station,  
Williamsburg, down a flight of stairs  
in the boarding house of Mrs. Emma  
Blatter, at 75 South Eighth Street, yes-  
terday. He then attempted to choke  
the policeman, but the arrival of Pa-  
trolman Cox saved Short from further  
injury. The crazed man was Peter  
Mohlin, a machinist, forty-nine years  
old. He had become infatuated with  
Mrs. Blatter, according to her story, and  
several weeks ago she tried to persuade  
him to keep away.

Mohlin began to think that Mrs.  
Blatter was going to marry, and threat-  
ened to kill her. Mrs. Blatter com-  
plained the police. She was ad-  
vised to go to court, and intended to  
go there to-day.

Yesterday morning Mohlin attacked  
her with a knife and cut her arm. She  
screaming to the street, but a child  
had preceded her to the Clymer Street  
station, and told the desk lieutenant of  
the attack. Short was sent out, and  
when he got to the house he found  
Mohlin armed with an axe.

As Short disarmed him Mohlin  
jumped on the policeman and, seizing  
him by the throat, threw him down the  
stairs. Short lay stunned for a mo-  
ment, and the crazed man had him by  
the throat when Patrolman Cox kicked  
in the front hall door and clubbed  
Mohlin almost to insensibility.

Ambulance Surgeon Feller, of the  
Eastern District Hospital, was attend-  
ing him when Mohlin had another vi-  
olent outbreak, and it took five men to  
put him in a straitjacket. Mrs. Blat-  
ter and Short were also attended by the  
ambulance surgeon.

Mohlin was taken to the Kings County  
Hospital for observation.

## WIFE'S NOTE UNREAD MAN AND GIRL DIE

Chauffeur Tears Gas Chan-  
delier Apart While Unidenti-  
fied Companion Sleeps.

John H. Camp and an attractive  
young woman who has not yet been  
identified were found dead from gas  
yesterday in a rooming house at Main  
and Grove Streets, White Plains. The  
police say Camp, who was a chauffeur,  
lived at 483 Amsterdam Avenue, New  
York, wrenched the chandelier apart  
with suicidal intent after his com-  
panion was asleep. An unopened let-  
ter from his wife was in his pocket.

Camp was chauffeur for George De  
Salto, who is spending the summer at  
Gedney Farms Hotel. He had been at  
the house where he died since June 26.  
Yesterday morning he drove his em-  
ployer's car to the garage about 3  
o'clock. He was alone. No one at his  
boarding place saw the young woman enter.

She was about twenty years old, with  
light brown hair. She was about 5  
feet 6 inches in height and wore a blue  
silk suit with white collar and cuffs, a  
broad brimmed white felt hat trimmed  
with a pink rose, and black stockings  
and pumps.

Mrs. Camp went to White Plains  
last night with her two daughters,  
May, fifteen years old, and Ruth,  
eleven. May was graduated from pub-  
lic school last week and was to have  
taken a course in drawing. Her  
mother's savings have been exhausted,  
however, and May is going to work.  
Neighbors said that Camp was for-  
merly chauffeur for William J. Burns.  
He was forty-one years old.

Shirt, 73 cents..... "Pure silk shirt. One  
of the biggest bargains  
in the store. Formerly  
sold at \$5."

Here are nine instances, all alike in this important particular: that the  
goods represented as being sold at a cut price are really sold at a price  
higher than that charged in reputable shops for the same articles, with  
one exception. That is the white silk socks. No reputable shop would  
carry goods thus damaged, except under a special sign indicating the defect.

Attracted by the consistency of principle in the Willard style of  
faking, I was drawn to do a bit of trading there myself, and in that  
process was treated to a sample of Finkelsteining—if I may be permitted  
to coin a word for a worthy occasion—deserving of separate mention.  
The object of my quest was a lightweight suit. An affable salesman exhib-  
ited one of startling pattern which he declared to be of superior quality,  
finish, and tailoring, and thrown away, absolutely thrown away, at \$10.50.  
Owing to certain protrusive tendencies which it exhibited in the region  
of the neck, and the fact that a thin man could have been inserted be-  
tween my chest and the front of the coat without over-straining either of  
us, I resisted this temptation.

"Something a little better," I suggested.

The Willard-Finkelstein salesman quite beamed. He trotted out an-  
other suit which, he assured me, was all wool and of almost phenomenal  
quality, and fitted me—he would make oath to it—as if it had been made  
to my order. The price was \$15.00. Certain suggestive restraints about  
the shoulders and armpits rather weakened the force of his persuasions.  
I discarded that suit and asked for something better. But in discarding  
it, I noted the stock number. The salesman took it away, and presently  
returned.

"Would you go as high as \$20.00?" he inquired with a deprecatory  
smile.

"If I can get just what I want."

"I've got it!" he cried. "Just wait a moment."

Back he went for consultation, then came forward bearing ceremo-  
niously, almost reverently, indeed, a blue serge suit the material of which  
looked strangely familiar.

"There is a suit I would recommend to my own brother. If it fits  
you, you can have it for \$20. The workmanship is the finest, and take it  
all in all, you have a \$40 suit for the money."

I took it all in all, hook, line, bob, sinker and the salesman's patter,  
and paid my \$20. But, as I tried it on, it looked more and more familiar;  
indeed, it even went further, it felt familiar, particularly under the arms.  
Taking advantage of a momentary distraction of the clerk, I peeked at

## 'DICKEY BIRD,' 81, CHIPPER WITNESS IN FAIR CONTEST

Sprightly Californian Tells  
of Lifelong Intimacy with  
Dead Man's Family.

MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT  
WAS "BIRDIE" TO HIM

Says Fair Was Born in Virginia  
City, Nevada—Was Executor  
of the Mother's Estate.

Richard V. Dey, the sprightly Cali-  
fornia millionaire of eighty-one sum-  
mers, who signed himself "Dickey  
Bird" in letters written to the late  
Countess Mabel Florence Stavra, is a  
factor in the disposition of the \$12-  
000,000 estate of the late Charles L.  
Fair. His testimony, taken before a  
referee, in the suit brought by George  
Elmer Lefler against Mrs. W. K. Van-  
derbilt, Jr., and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs,  
sisters of Mr. Fair, has been filed in  
the Supreme Court here, it was learned  
yesterday.

Mr. Lefler, whose home is in Newark,  
alleges that Mr. Fair died intestate  
following the automobile accident in  
France in 1902, that he was a native  
of New York State and, as nephew, is  
entitled to a share of the estate, the  
courts having declared that Mr. Fair  
survived his wife, Mrs. Vanderbilt,  
and Mrs. Oelrichs assert that their  
brother was a native of California and  
deny Mr. Lefler's claim.

In a story reminiscent of the roaring  
'50s, Mr. Dey declared that Charles L.  
Fair was born in Virginia City, Nev.,  
in 1834. He was a young bachelor  
eighty-one years old, a resident  
of San Francisco, here on a visit  
to his sister, at 28 West Eighty-eighth  
Street, Mr. Dey recalled the day when  
Charles Lode was still undiscovered.

He went West in 1855, he said,  
and had been an intimate of James G.  
Fair, John W. Mackay, William H.  
O'Brien, and other argonauts of the old  
days.

He met Mr. Fair, the father of  
Charles L. Fair, in 1860, in Virginia  
City, Nev., the witness said. In 1867  
he entered the employ of John W.  
Mackay, James G. Fair and William H.  
O'Brien. From that time on his intima-  
city with Mr. Fair and his family  
grew.

On what terms of intimacy were  
you with these children? Mr. Dey was  
asked.

"I called them by their Christian  
names—Charlie, Jim, Tessie and Birdie,"  
was the reply.

"Who was Birdie?"  
"Birdie was Mrs. Vanderbilt,"  
while James G. Fair was United  
States Senator in 1891, Mr. Dey  
continued to grow, the witness  
said. "I was a constant visitor at their  
house," he continued, "attended to  
business for them in their mining  
claims and was executor of Mrs. Fair's  
estate when she died in 1891."

Mr. Fair died after they were divorced,  
September 13, 1891.

After her death, which occurred in  
San Francisco, Mr. Dey paid to Mrs.  
Oelrichs, Mrs. Vanderbilt and the other  
children the amounts stipulated in  
their mother's will the witness said.  
"The boys were allowed \$500 each a  
month," he said, "and when James died  
there was no effect on the part of the  
sisters to giving Charles \$1,000 a  
month."

Mr. Fair senior lived at the Occiden-  
tal Hotel, in San Francisco, after James  
died in Paris in 1910. In his letters  
to the Countess Mabel Florence Stavra  
he sometimes signed himself "Dickey Bird" and some-  
times just "Dickey." The Countess, it  
appeared, had helped to direct the  
lonely young bachelor during a Euro-  
pean trip and had given him a blue  
silk nightgown.

Charles L. Fair and his wife were  
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whether Mr. Fair or his wife died first.

When that point had been settled in  
the California courts, which presumed  
that the husband had survived, new  
suits were filed in New York by George  
Elmer Lefler, Thomas Lefler, Edward  
Lefler and Mrs. Mabel E. Towle  
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pothetical salesman had sold to me for \$20 the exact individual suit (after  
taking it for a walk down the aisle and back) which I had rejected at \$15.  
I had been Finkelsteined!

Who got the extra \$5 I know not nor care. Outside of that bonus on  
my "casiness" there was a fine profit in the sale. The cloth of my "\$40  
value" is mostly cotton with a little worsted. The workmanship is poor,  
and right in the fore-front of the coat there is a bad damage, a "pull-hole"  
in the cloth, which is sure to grow larger with wear. Undamaged the  
suit is worth about \$12. In its condition as sold to me, it would be a  
lucky sale for any merchant at \$7.

From time to time Mr. Finkelstein has run other furnishing stores  
in New York, Brooklyn and Hoboken. He is still proprietor of the Willard  
Shop at 811 Eighth Avenue, where he practises his characteristic tricks  
of the trade, selling cotton pongee as silk pongee, and a cotton crepe as  
"silk and linen madras." In the past he has done business as the Hoffman  
Arms Co., and Mack's Shop. Very likely he will conduct still other busi-  
nesses in the future under still other names. If he will inform The Tribu-  
ne Bureau of Investigations of any coming enterprises which he has in  
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Several distinct elements blend to make a Finkelstein successful.  
They are, first, absolute unscrupulousness on his own part, coupled with a  
certain reckless ingenuity; second, the cupidity of newspapers which accept  
his advertising regardless of the fact that they are thereby doing a per-  
manent injury to their honest and fair-dealing patrons as well as inflict-  
ing loss upon their readers; third, the ignorance and credulousness of the  
purchasing public.

To the intelligent observer, such shops as the "Willard" enterprises  
fairly shout their own confession of faking. Look at any of their window  
displays and put them to the test of ordinary judgment. The absurdity of  
the claims is blatant. Or consider the advertising catch line:

"This is the only reliable store in New York that sells Standard Mer-  
chandise at 1/4 to 1/2 less than any other."

Wherever you see such a claim as that, there is danger to your pocket  
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hardly less than would be just for sound merchandise and far in excess of  
the actual value. The reliable merchant doesn't make a business of sell-  
ing goods for less than they are worth; the honest merchant doesn't pre-  
tend to. They leave that to Finkelstein-Willard, Ananias of Business,  
and his fellow-frauds.

Every reader of The Tribune who has been Finkelsteined, or who  
knows of a place where that deft art is practised, will do a public service  
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tising and selling, is conducted for the purpose, among others, of giving  
publicity, without charge, to every such establishment that can be located  
in this city.

## Mongrel Pup, Victim of Fourth, Has Tail Treated at Bellevue



Nellie Barnett, holding the dog her friend, William Mahoney, gatekeeper at  
Bellevue, treated for the damage a bunch of firecrackers did to its tail.

A new version of "Androcles and the  
Lion" was enacted at Bellevue Hospital  
Monday noon. William Mahoney, gate-  
keeper of the hospital, aided by one of  
the resident nurses, acted the part of  
the good Samaritan toward a little  
terrier.

Shortly after noon, as the gatekeep-  
er was smoking a contemplative pipe,  
there appeared before his peaceful vi-  
sion a small cur dog. The gatekeeper's  
first impulse was to drive the dog  
away, but when the puppy, in taking to  
his heels, showed a bloody little stump  
of a tail which had evidently suffered  
from a bunch of firecrackers, he suf-  
fered a change of heart and called the  
dog back.

Faster and faster wagged the bleed-  
ing tail, casting a shower of red drops  
in the gatekeeper's eyes. Slowly the dog  
crawled to the Irish gatekeeper, and,  
licking his hand, seemed to say:

"You'll help me, I'm sure. I've met  
with a sudden misfortune, an unex-  
pected attack on an unprotected south-  
ern exposure."

Mahoney decided to take the dog in-  
side, contrary to the rules of the in-  
stitution, and see what could be done  
for him. Accordingly he marched the  
puppy to the reception room, where a  
nurse who was not on duty soon bound  
up the injured member.

The tail was fairly wagging the dog  
by the time the little terrier was es-  
corted to the gate once more. He  
showed his delight in true canine fash-  
ion, hopping about and brandishing his  
bandaged flag of truce.

Mahoney suggested that he might  
adopt the grateful puppy, but was at a  
loss whether to call him "Seldom fed,"  
in keeping with his appearance, or  
"All's well that ends well." The puppy  
was playing happily in the neighbor-  
hood when The Tribune photographer  
caught him.

Francisco. His last appearance as a  
witness in New York was in the  
spring of 1912, when he sued the es-  
tate of the Countess Mabel Florence  
Stavra for alleged loans amounting to  
\$14,800.

The Countess Stavra, who was Mrs.  
Mabel Florence Hilton of New York,  
died in Paris in 1910. In his letters  
to the Countess Mr. Dey addressed her  
as "Charlie" and signed himself  
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## MOTHER DIES; BOY SAVED Child Crawls to Door After Woman Ends Life by Gas.

While his mother lay dead in bed  
from gas, William Barker, aged six,  
crawled from his crib in time to get to  
the door and breathe through a crack  
until he was discovered yesterday  
morning. When his grandmother  
smelled the fumes and opened the door  
to investigate she found the child un-  
conscious on the floor.

Mrs. Rosa Barker, aged thirty-three,  
left a note only, asking that the insur-  
ance on her life and her boy's should  
go to her mother, Mrs. Otto Weidner,  
with whom she had lived at 618 Demott  
Street, West Hoboken, since her hus-  
band deserted her, several years ago.  
She attached a gas tube to her mouth  
during the night. The boy was taken  
to the North Hudson Hospital, where  
it was said he would live.

## SUES MISSING WIFE AFTER CHURCH VISIT

Husband Meets Friends and  
Hears Long Absent Mate Loves  
Another in Austria.

The first instance the oldest em-  
ployees in the County Clerk's office  
could recall of evidence for a divorce  
being obtained in a church was con-  
tained in the suit filed by Stephen C.  
Sonka, a Hungarian, against his wife,  
Mari, to whom he was married in De-  
cember, 1907.

Mrs. Sonka, according to her hus-  
band's assertion, went to the small  
town in Hungary from which both she  
and her husband came in 1910 to look  
after some property. They correspond-  
ed, Sonka declared, and he sent her  
money for her expenses until February  
of this year, when her last letters ceased.  
Worrying about his wife, Sonka said,  
he sought the consolation of services  
in a church at 224 East Forty-sixth  
Street. As he was leaving he met  
John Jager and John K. Jager, cousins,  
and one of the same Hungarian  
town as Mr. and Mrs. Sonka.

"It is kind of tough about your wife,"  
remarked one of the Jagers.

"What do you mean?" asked Sonka.  
"She has got a new home and in love  
with Louis Fekete. We left there last  
month and she said she was never  
coming back to you."

A lawyer and affidavits from the coun-  
sels telling what they knew concern-  
ing Mrs. Sonka were obtained by  
the husband and the suit for divorce  
was filed.

## SEPTEMBER MORNS PUT ARTIST IN JAIL

Father, Finding Lost Son Posing  
as Model, Arrests Painter  
as Kidnapper.

Otis Williams, a painter with a studio  
at 900 Fifth Avenue, was held in  
the East Fifty-first Street station last  
night on a kidnapping charge. Michael  
Farrel, of 738 Ninth Avenue, said that  
he had entered his eleven-year-  
old son, John Leo, to his studio, and  
was using him and other children as  
models when Mr. Farrel discovered him.  
"Not a stitch did any of the kids  
have on 'em," Mr. Farrel said. "I  
told Magistrate Simms in the night  
court. 'It ain't decent, let alone his  
stealing my boy.'"

John Leo had been away since Sun-  
day night. After a fruitless search in  
the neighborhood of his home, Mrs.  
Farrel remembered a slip of paper the  
youngster had brought home a few days  
before. It bore the name and address  
of Mr. Williams.

Mr. Farrel hurried up to the Fifth  
Avenue studio. There he found John  
Leo and other unclad children. Without  
stopping to inquire further he hastened  
out and got a patrolman.

Mr. Williams insisted that Mr.  
Farrel had given him permission to  
use John Leo as a model. He said the  
boy had come yesterday morning.  
Magistrate Simms declared the offense,  
if any, was a felony, and sent the artist  
back to the police station.

## FEROLA CASE GOES TO WHITMAN TO-DAY

Woman's Attorney Will Present  
Petition Asking Com-  
mutation.

Mrs. Madeline Ferola, whose convic-  
tion of murder in the first degree was  
recently sustained by the Court of Ap-  
peals, will lay her case before Gov-  
ernor Whitman to-day, it was an-  
nounced yesterday at Sing Sing, where  
she is awaiting execution. Her attor-  
ney, Nathan D. Levy, will bring to the  
Governor a petition asking that the  
sentence of the woman be commuted to  
life imprisonment.

Mrs. Ferola, Charles Becker and  
other Sing Sing prisoners were treated  
to a chicken dinner yesterday by War-  
den Osborne. Other articles on the  
bill of fare were vegetables and pie.

The Sing Sing baseball nine gathered  
another victory yesterday. They de-  
feated the Erie club of this city by 12  
to 5.